SONG OF THE DERELICTS.

"From ocean to ocean we wander
From polar to tropical tide,
Alone and forlorn and forsaken,
The wraiths of our time-faded pride

"Through the tumult and surge of the tempest,
Wave beaten and battered we churn,
The ships of no name and no haven,
The ships that shall never return."

Up and down through the streets of the cities
Go the men that are kin to lost ships,
The wreckage of old loves, time tattered,
The desolate ghosts of friendships.

Through the storms of the life-seas they wander,
Wave tossed by the ceaseless unrest
Vagrants, shunned by their fortunate brothers,
Till they drift to the Port of All Quest.
—Frederick Arthur Palmer, in The Journalist.

The Long Arm of Coincidence.

"I WONDER why you never married, Sir Edgar?"

Sir Edgar Winter lifted his oars out of the water and looked up at the dainty figure of his companion, seated luxuriously among the cushions of the boat.

"I did once think of marrying, nearly twenty-five years ago," he replied thoughtfully.

"Really! Oh, do tell me about it. Or perhaps you would rather not?"

Sir Edgar smiled gravely.

"Oh, there are no painful memories connected with the subject, I assure you. I will tell you the story."

"Thank you. Women are always interested in a love tale, you know. I should like to hear it," and Mrs. Elsworth was all attention.

She was a pretty woman of about thirty-five, the widow of a rich Lancashire manufacturer. Some ten years ago she had married a man nearly forty years her senior, and had rejoiced at the opportunity of exchanging the somewhat dull existence of an obscure country parsonage for a life of wealth and luxury. John Ellsworth had been both proud and fond of his young wife, and when, after five years of happiness, his death took place he left her sole mistress of his large fortune.

But Madge Elsworth had no intention of remaining a widow. Her wealth, together with rather more than the usual amount of tact—so indispensable for her purpose—had enabled her to plant her foot on the first rung of the social ladder, and she meant it to aid her in mounting a good deal higher. Chance had thrown her much lately into the society of Sir Edgar Winter, a handsome, well-preserved bachelor on the right side of fifty. He had proved to be—if not one of the most devoted—at least an admirer of hers, and several of her friends had remarked his attentions. And Mrs. Elsworth was more than willing to receive those attentions. Sir Edgar was a popular man, much sought after, and the baronetcy was an old one.

They were both at the present time guests of Lady Popham at her charming house on the Thames, and Mrs. Ellsworth had by a little strategy managed to get Sir Edgar to take her on the river for a moonlight row. Moonlight on the water savored of sentiment and romance, and even the coldest had been known to thaw under such circumstances.

It was certainly a lovely evening. The moon was climbing higher and higher in an opal sky. A soft wind gently rustled the overhanging trees, and there was perfect stillness save for the cawing of a few rooks and an occasional slight ripple on the water.

Sir Edgar drew in the oars, letting the boat drift slowly down the stream. Then he lit a cigarette.

"It was just before I left Oxford," he began, "that I met Kitty Montgomery. She used to sing and dance at some theatre in London, and was all the rage at the time. I don't remember much about her now, except that she had very red hair. I thought her an adorable creature, and fell violently in love with her. I think Kitty was a bit fond of me, too, and I was rather proud of my conquest, as most of the fellows of my time had lost their hearts, and some of them would have given a lot for even a smile from Kitty Montgomery.

"Well, one Sunday I happened to be spending the day on a friend's houseboat up the river. He had invited a lot of theatrical people, and Kitty was among the number. Somehow during the evening she and I managed to secure a boat to ourselves, and we stole away from the rest of the party. It was a ripping evening, just the sort of night to make us sentimental and foolish. Moonlight, rippling water, music in the distance—you know the kind of thing."

Mrs. Ellsworth nodded. She understood perfectly.

"Well, we were sitting in the stern, and I had just begun to talk the usual sort of nonsense, and was on the point of asking her to marry me when a party of Cockney trippers came suddenly round a bend in the river, and before we had time to realize what was happening they ran into us, upsetting our boat, and turning us into the water."

"How very dreadful! And so the poor thing was drowned, was she?"

"Drowned! Not a bit of it," returned Sir Edgar, shortly. "We both scrambled ashore hardly a bit the worse. They managed to rig us out with some sort of dry clothing on the launch, and then we had just time to catch our train to Waterloo."

"Then you did not finish your proposal?"

"No. One does not feel inclined to finish a proposal in a railway carriage among one's friends. We got pretty well chaffed as it was."

"Of course. I quite understand," said Mrs. Elsworth.

"I never had a chance of finishing. I was obliged to leave England the following day, and, alas! for the constancy of man, when I returned I had completely forgotten her."

"How fortunate! I must congratulate you on your escape, Sir Edgar. Such a marriage would have been little short of madness. And what became of the—the—of Miss Montgomery?"

"She married a publican shortly afterward."

"How very appropriate!"

"And they live—or lived—somewhere in the neighborhood of the Blackfriars road."

"Dear me! Quite the proper place," assented Mrs. Elsworth.

"I think I owe a debt of gratitude to the Cockney party," said Sir Edgar. "Had they not run us down I should certainly have made an utter ass of myself."

"Yes, it's wonderful how things work out sometimes. You were right not to continue your proposal. I should take an incident like that as a solemn warning. Providence certainly sent that accident to prevent your folly, and you were wise to profit by it. The ways of Providence are indeed marvellous."

"Then I am exceedingly obliged to Providence," replied Sir Edgar. Then he dipped his oars into the water and began to row slowly homeward. Mrs. Ellsworth settled herself more cosily among the cushions, and sighed softly.

It was a very effective sigh, and had taken a lot of practice.

"What a pity it is," she murmured, "that life is not all summer, and that all evenings are not like this. It's absolutely cruel to think that we shall both be returning to London in a few days."

Sir Edgar nodded and continued rowing. Then he stopped suddenly.

"Mrs. Elsworth," he said gently, "I have something to say to you. I wonder if you can guess what it is!"

She dropped her eyes and murmured something unintelligible. Mentally she was composing the announcement for the "Morning Post."

"Madge," and he leaned forward and touched her hand, "it is twenty-five years since I proposed to a woman. I have just told you how it happened. To-night history repeats itself."

He rose as he spoke and attempted to cross the boat to her side, but as he did so he slipped, clutched at the seat to save himself, missed it, and fell backwards into the water. Mrs. Elsworth screamed and jumped to the side of the boat just as Sir Edgar was endeavoring to climb into it. Their combined weight, however, capsized the frail craft, and a minute later they were both struggling in the river.

Fortunately they were quite close to the bank, and had no difficulty in reaching a place of safety. They ran straight back to the house, entering it by a side door, so as to avoid the rest of the party; and except for their damaged clothes they were none the worse for their wetting.

Sir Edgar, when he had changed his things, gave his friends an account of the accident, and in the smoking-room mused on the strange coincidence in the turn of events.

Mrs. Elsworth, on her part, before her bedroom fire bewailed the unlucky accident, and wondered what Sir Edgar would have to say the next day.

Her doubts were, however, soon put at rest the following morning by Lady Popham, who entered her room as she was breakfasting in bed.

"Isn't this provoking?" she exclaimed, as she waved a letter in her hand. "Sir Edgar writes that he has had an urgent message, and has been obliged to leave for London by an early train this morning. He left this note for me to explain matters. Now we shall be a man short. Isn't it a nuisance? By the way," she continued, "he sent a message to you. He hopes you are none the worse for last night's accident, and wishes to apologize for his carelessness. He is sorry he is unable to see you to say goodbye."

Then, without noticing her friend's expression, she went on:

"He told some one this morning that Providence always arranged these things for the best. What on earth could he mean?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Elsworth, crossly. But she fancied she did know, all the same.—Norman H. Oliver, in The Free Lance.

The Vanity of Man.

"Why does a man always run his hand through his hair when he takes his hat off?" asked the observant man. "Did you ever notice that man will invariably do this very thing? Is it just a nervous habit? Is it vanity? It is an old habit. I have never known a man who did not indulge this habit. Even men who have no hair to run their fingers through, men whose heads are as bald as billiard balls, will brush their hands over their heads when they lift their hats. If the men simply wanted to smooth their tousled hair, of course, this would afford ample explanation of the habit. But why should a man who has no hair on his head do the same thing? It is not a sufficient answer to say that such a man may have had a full suit of hair at one time, and that it is simply a matter of habit contracted under different conditions. As a rule men are unconscious of the fact. They do not know why, how or when they run their hands over their heads. But they all do it just the same. Go into a courtroom, or at any place where men congregate, and where it is necessary for them to remove their hats, and watch them. You will observe that every man will go through the same performance. It seems to be a perfectly natural thing for them to do. My own conclusion is that it is an evidence of vanity. A man wants his hair to be just so. Originally, probably it was simply a matter of tidiness. But it has grown into an act of vanity. The lawyer, for instance, if he has enough hair for the purpose, will want his head to have a tousled appearance. It gives him a studious appearance, and leaves the impression that he has been struggling with the books. Whatever the reason the habit is a curious one, and one which seems to be deep-rooted in the masculine nature."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Generous Man.

Joseph Girouard, of Spencer, Mass., announced recently that he would give receipts in full to all his debtors who applied, provided they were unable to meet their obligations. "No matter whether it is $10 or $100 or $1000," he declared, "any man who says he cannot pay it shall have a receipt. I want to feel kindly toward all the people and not have them burdened with any debts to me." But it has turned out that no man owed him a single cent.—Successful American.

If you fear a sleepless night undress in the dark. Light stimulates and arouses the activities. Darkness is supposed to produce drowsiness.

UNSPEAKABLE CRUELTIES WHICH CHRISTIANS SUFFER IN THE LAND OF THE SULTAN

In the land of the Sultan of Turkey there seems to be no falling off in the unspeakable cruelties practiced on the Christians who have been forced to take up their cross there. Month after month come reports of new cruelties, and the truth of them cannot be doubted. Europeans are gradually working their way into more remote provinces, and the conditions they find are almost beyond belief.

Especially sordid and miserable are the lives of the Bulgarian and Albanian Christians, and they suffer most at the hands of fellow Bulgarians or Albanians who have accepted Islam. No crime is too brutal for the hands of these fiends. They know no mercy, and moral law is for them a thing apart.

In no country in the world has taxation been reduced to such a science, yet because of the treachery of his officials the Sultan is always poor. The tax list for the Albanian peasant begins with the military tax. The poorest pays $8.80 a year to escape military service. For every male child the family has to pay $1.80 in addition.

Every one remembers the protest which went up in this country over the income tax. They have such an institution in Turkey, but it operates in a peculiar Turkish way. The tax is collected from those who have incomes, and then the collectors go to those who have none. They pay at the same rate and the collector does the estimating.

There is besides a road tax which the male subjects begin to pay at the age of twelve. Of course, very little of the money is ever expended on the roads. A tenth of the farm products are supposed to be turned over to the Government, but the farmer is usually forced to hand over an eighth or a seventh of his entire crop, and, in the case of wheat or similar grain, to thrash the tax gatherer's share. The privilege of collecting this land tax is usually sold outright by the Government, and the one who purchases the gathering privilege profits by the extortion.

As if the burden of taxation were not enough, the additional burden of unlimited bribes is put on the poor subject. They have a line of bribes in Turkey that would make a political combine lash its tail with envy. One instance will show how this works out:

A farmer managed to save enough money for a new house. He paid one bribe for a permit to pull down the old one, and another for a permit to erect the new structure. The building was completed, and the tax collector came. The collector put an overvaluation on the new house, and refused to remit the tax on the one which had been torn down. It meant another bribe, and the farmer preferred to give it rather than pay taxes on two houses.

The mounted police, who get the equivalent of $4 a month from the Government, and have to furnish their own horses, are among the most prosperous people in the country. They go to the stable of a well-to-do farmer and take out his best horse.

"I beg of you to leave the animal," says the farmer, handing over some gold pieces.

"Well, we are old friends," says the officer. "I will do you this favor."

Then he goes to another house and repeats the operation. When he has collected horse money from a dozen farmers, does he go to a market and buy a mount? Not on his black Turkish soul! He goes to a man too poor to pay and seizes a horse.

The worst cruelties fall on those who have wandered into other lands to make a living, and who return to their homes for a brief visit at holiday times. They always bring back a small store of savings, and generally travel in parties under the false idea that it will give them greater protection. The Turks lie in wait for these homecoming pilgrims, and in lonely places on the road they are ambushed. If the party is small they are shot down first and robbed afterward; if large, the holdup is carried on more humanely. The unfortunates are surrounded by an armed band, one of whom advances and places a rug on the ground. On this the travelers place their money, and woe to the man who does not give up his last cent.

Even more terrible is the fate of Christian women and children under this travesty of Government. No woman is safe from the all powerful Turk, and from insult and dishonor or kidnaping at his hands there is no trustworthy recourse. Albanian fathers and mothers know this, and in their very extremity they have found one safeguard. As soon as a Christian girl begins to show signs of feminine beauty, an indelible cross is tattooed on her forehead between her eyes. The sight of the cross disgusts the crescent loving Mahometan, and the girl once marked in this way can never become a desirable subject for the harem.—New York Tribune.

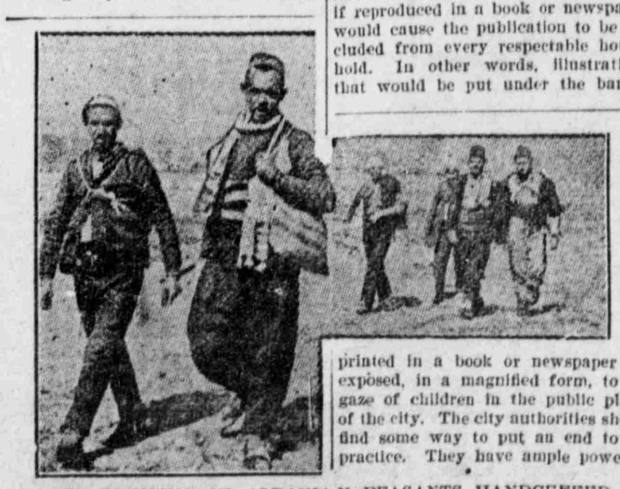
An Extraordinary Fact.

It is an extraordinary fact, says the Syracuse Herald, that pictorial advertisements of plays, vaudeville and the like are flaunted on bill-boards, which if reproduced in a book or newspaper would cause the publication to be excluded from every respectable household. In other words, illustrations that would be put under the ban if printed in a book or newspaper are exposed, in a magnified form, to the gaze of children in the public places of the city. The city authorities should find some way to put an end to the practice. They have ample power to do it. It is a case where official indifference begets individual license.

Minneapolis, Minn., is the second largest Scandinavian city.

TURKISH TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

PEASANT WOMEN DISFIGURED BY AN INDELIBLE CROSS BETWEEN THE EYES.
(They gave promise of beauty when young, and were so marked by their parents in order to keep the Turks from kidnaping them for the harem. The cross disgusts the Turk.)



TURKS BRINGING IN ALBANIAN PEASANTS HANDCUFFED TOGETHER.

An Old Double-Barreled Cannon.

In one of the city squares of Athens, Ga., stands an interesting relic of the Civil War—what is probably the only double-barreled cannon ever made. It was designed by a resident of Athens for use in the Confederate service, the idea being to discharge a projectile from each barrel simultaneously, the projectiles to be connected by a chain. No chain was found to be sufficiently strong, however, to withstand the strain, and the weapon was never tested in actual warfare. The cannon is made of cast iron and was molded at one of the local foundries. It is of three-inch calibre, having a diameter across the muzzles of eight inches and across the barrels of thirteen inches, while it is fifty-five inches in length. It is provided with what is familiarly known as a "touchhole" in the breech, connecting with both barrels, so that it could be discharged by igniting a fuse if desired. The idea of the inventor was to connect the balls by a chain several feet in length, the ends of the chain being fastened into each by staples. Chain-shot was often used in naval battles to carry away the rigging of an enemy. It was discharged once after being built, but unfortunately one barrel for some reason did not "go off." The force of the explosion of the other barrel tore the chain from the ball which remained, and gave a curved motion to the projectile. As a result of this accident it was considered too dangerous to adopt for use, and was stored away, finally being discovered only a few years ago in a shed.

A DOUBLE-BARRELED CANNON.

It was then mounted upon its present carriage, and placed in the park for an ornament.—Scientific American.

Hospitable Pat.

A certain sportsman took a shooting in Ireland. He was assured that it was a good sporting territory. When he arrived this was corroborated by the head keeper, a typical Paddy. The latter declared that the country fairly bristled with pheasants. So they went out after them and in a day put up five. The next day the tenant inquired after partridges and was told the same tale; the shoot yielded about six. Woodcock, grouse, capercailzie, every kind of game, Paddy told "his 'onner," were as thick as leaves in autumn, but they could not be found. At last he said angrily, "Are there many rhinoceroses on the estate?" "Shure, yer 'onner," drawled Pat very slowly, '(not many, not many," but brightening up, "you may put up two or three round the lake in the summer." Long before the summer, of course, the tenancy would be at an end. "You confounded rascal," roared the tenant, "what do you mean by telling me all these lies?" "Shure," said Pat, with a true Hibernian grin, "an' wouldn't I be givin' yer 'onner a pleasant answer?"—London Tatler.

Over 500 infants are killed every year in London by being overlaid in bed by their parents.

THE SCHOOL GARDEN

Value of This Nature Study Laboratory—The Practical Knowledge as Well as Artistic Conceptions Which It Affords.

I DEFINE the school garden as a garden that performs some educational function in the school with which it is connected. It has a garden laboratory—a nature study laboratory. It does for the children out-of-doors what the chemical laboratory, the carpenter shop and the kitchen laboratory do indoors. It trains the eye and the hand along with the intellect, and at the same time gives pleasureable employment and physical exercise in the open air and sunshine. To many pupils in the city it opens up a whole new world—nature's life romance, a divine pastoral abounding in amusing little comedies and the most intensely interesting tragedies—the struggles for existence—all this at a time when every impression made upon the child mind leaves an indelible stamp. And not only does it arouse interest in the many phenomena of nature thus brought under the directed observations of the child, but it also gives zest to many otherwise dry exercises that the skilled teacher correlates with it.

KINDS OF SCHOOL GARDENS.

Two fairly distinct types of school gardens are found. In one the ornamental features predominate. The children assist in planting the school grounds with wild flowers and shrubs, or cultivated flowers, ornamental plants and trees, or various combinations of native and introduced plants. Ordinarily in gardens of this type the aesthetic features are emphasized, though not always to the exclusion of other valuable instruction. The children may learn, to a certain extent, the principles of plant growth, the reasons for pruning and grafting trees, the best methods of combating insect pests and fungus diseases of flowers, shrubs and trees, and many other practical details in maintaining pleasant home surroundings.

In the other type of school garden—the vegetable garden—we find the economic element predominating. Children are frequently allowed to plant flowers in connection with vegetables, but this feature of the work is usually incidental to the instruction in growing useful plants. Usually the garden is divided into small plats, from four to ten feet wide by six to twenty feet long, and one or two pupils are made responsible for the care of each plat. Here they plant lettuce, radishes beans, potatoes and other farm and garden vegetables, learn to distinguish them from the weeds that threaten to choke them out, become familiar with their habits of growth and methods of reproduction, discover numerous insect enemies and other pests that require great ingenuity to eradicate, and gradually acquire a nomenclature that adds greatly to the stock of words in their growing vocabulary.

LANDSCAPE EFFECTS.

Such gardens do not lend themselves to the realization of landscape effects, but furnish many valuable lessons not to be acquired in the ornamental garden, where, as a rule, all the pupils work together. Among other things they develop a sense of ownership, and awaken a greater personal interest. With this sense of ownership comes a growing regard for the property of others. It has been found in the education of incorrigible boys that allotting to each boy a plat of ground upon which he can raise what he will and enjoy the fruits of his labor has a powerful influence in overcoming the tendency to indulge in petty thieving. Furthermore, the few experiments in school garden work that have been carried on long enough in this country to give tangible results indicate that children who have engaged in work of this kind at school acquire a wholesome respect not only for the individual property of others, but for city property and other corporate property, for the shad trees in the streets and the shrubbery and flowers in parks.

The individual plat system, also, more than any other fixes personal responsibility. There is no chance to shirk it. If any plat shows neglect the teacher knows where to fix the blame. If another shows excellence in design or painstaking effort, the teacher knows where praise should be bestowed. It has been found in schools where this system has been tried that to deprive a neglectful pupil of his plat and give it to some one else has been one of the strongest incentives to continuous and painstaking effort. After a pupil has prepared his ground, sown his seed and bestowed some little care upon the plants that have come up he very much dislikes to have the fruits of his labor enjoyed by someone else.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE MOVEMENT.

School gardens of the two types mentioned are mostly modern institutions. No concerted movement for their establishment dates back more than thirty-five years. Aside from Germany, where two or three states gave encouragement to the establishment of school gardens, over eighty years ago, Austria and Sweden were leaders in the movement and were practically contemporaneous in giving official encouragement to it. The Austrian imperial school law of March 14, 1869, prescribed that "where practicable a garden and place for agricultural experiments shall be established at every rural school." In Sweden, seven months later, a royal circular was published which required school gardens averaging from seventy to eighty square yards to be appropriately laid out. In both countries the movement had rapid growth. In Austria the number of school gardens in 1898 was estimated to be over 18,000, and in some of the Austrian provinces there is not a school without a garden. In Sweden the number of school gardens in 1894 was 4670.

BELGIUM AND SWITZERLAND.

In Belgium, since 1870, a law has been in force requiring that each school have a garden of at least thirty-nine and one-half square rods, to be used in connection with instruction in botany, horticulture and agriculture. In Switzerland an active campaign for the establishment of school gardens was begun in 1881 by the Swiss Agricultural Society, and about 1885 the Federal Government began to subsidize school gardens and to offer prizes for plans and essays on the subject. School gardens are maintained in connection with normal schools and in that way the teachers receive special training which enables them to make the best use of these important institutions. In Belgium a remarkable impetus was given to vegetable gardening, a matter of great importance in that densely populated country. In Switzerland, according to a recent consular report, one can see flowers, vegetables, fruit trees or shrubbery planted "on every foot of ground—on the front, sides and rear of houses."—Richard J. Crosby, in Boston Transcript.

NEW JAPANESE INDUSTRY.

Ladies' Demands Supplied in the Land of the Rising Sun.

It is perhaps hardly recognized how formidable a competitor Japan is becoming to the continental nations in supplying some of the items of ladies' daily demands. It is now several years since a great West End firm introduced the luxuriously soft and comfortable quilted dressing gowns and jackets from the land of the rising sun, and by supplying English patterns as to size and shape to the Japanese workers was enabled to offer the home customer what she wanted in these directions, allied with the charms of color and embroidery that are distinctly Eastern.

Luton is more and more relying upon Japan for the straw plaits and braids which go to make the smart and inexpensive hats and toques now appearing so conspicuously in the milliners' windows, and this year a stride forward has been made in sending over what are technically known as "chip fancies," which have hitherto been almost exclusively supplied by Italy. And now there is a new branch of enterprise to be noted with regard to the more dainty features of our table linen, and Japan is prepared to give us lunch, sideboard and afternoon tea cloths, serviettes and the like with the ultra-fashionable adornment of drawn-thread work in the most charming variety.

Hitherto the work has been done upon the native cotton cloth, and the first essential toward bringing it into accordance with western table requirements was to supply instead the finest Irish flax linen. This the deft feminine fingers of the Japanese workers found to be admirably suited to their peculiar methods, and upon it they are executing work that not only rivals the finest Sicilian examples in this direction, but has characteristics entirely its own. They employ several forms of stitch quite unknown in Europe, and in the fineness of their effect obtain results approaching to that of pillow lace.

Every one is familiar now with the Teneriffe linen work, and the outlines of this are often reproduced in that of Japan, but critics are inclined to prefer the intricate geometrical and scroll devices that seem to be indigenous. Although aerial and delicate in appearance, the work washes well, provided that reasonable care be exercised, and is indeed sent into this country washed and ready for immediate use.

Perhaps, to the ordinary buyer, the greatest recommendation that these charming accessories could have is their cheapness, as compared with what the price would be of items of European origin on which a tenth part of the patient hand labor had been extended. For fifteen shillings, or even less at a retail firm, it is possible to buy a teacloth or centreslip with delightful and even elaborate ornamentation of this kind at the ends or corners, and long latticelike open-worked hemstitching. Especially dainty are tiny napkins for afternoon tea, which are a real boon when hot buttered cakes are served. At present the length of time that must elapse between sending an order from this country and receiving the finished work has militated against utilizing it for dress trimmings, but should the present season witness, as is expected, an unexhausted popularity for Belfast linen gowns, it is probable that something of the kind may be attempted for next year's wear.—London Telegraph.

Neglected Etiquette.

That the society young man in England is as lax in matters of etiquette as his American cousin appears from a complaint in a London weekly. The writer says: "I notice a quantity of books on etiquette have lately appeared, so that a certain number of people must still concern themselves with its laws and edicts. On the whole, however, a decided free and easiness has begun to prevail in society. After-dinner calls and card-leaving generally are almost entirely neglected by young men, and the efforts of hostesses to entertain meet with scant encouragement. A branch of etiquette in which men who have come from our smart schools are sadly deficient in the art of letter writing, of accepting or declining invitations and addressing ladies. Every foreigner can write a well-expressed, grammatical letter, but our English young man of smart society is strangely illiterate. He learns neither essay writing nor English composition at Eton and Harrow, and this forms one of the greatest drawbacks to the political career of an otherwise promising young man."

The Reporter.

One of the sad features of civil and military life is the unpreparedness of men in the presence of the newspaper reporter. Without the reporter there might be papers, but not newspapers. He is a necessary evil, if he be any kind of evil. Those who fight hardest against him and oppose his mission are the very ones who at some future day need him most, and it is they who will work most strenuously to use him for their purposes. It gives me pleasure to say that we of the Fourth Estate are gradually educating the public in the art of receiving newspaper men and treating them with that courtesy and frankness which the exigencies of the hour demand. We are here to stay. We are friends of all good and enemies of all guile.—New York Press.

A Foundation of Currants.

The economic structure of the kingdom of Greece rests largely upon the currant industry.